



James Taylor del et. sculp.

DAPHNE and AMINTOR.

A

COMIC OPERA,

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N:

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P R E F A C E.

THERE is not any dramatic entertainment more frequently performed on the theatre at Paris, than the Oracle of Monsieur St. Foix ; an author, for delicacy, and purity of style, allowed, by all good judges, to be one of the best in the French language : and, to say the truth, the constant applause with which the Public have favoured this piece of his, appears to be little less than what is justly due to its merit ; since nothing can be prettier than the idea on which it is founded ; or more happily executed, than the character of the girl ; in whom love, as the simple production of Nature, is drawn in the most lively and charming colours.

UNDER these circumstances, I was always much surprised at the little success it met with upon the English stage. Mrs. Cibber's translation of it was excellent ; and the

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performance of that incomparable actress, in the first representations, gave it additional lustre. But I imagine, the character of the Fairy, a legendary being, very different in England from what it is in France, threw upon it an air of childishness. This, I hope, may, in some measure, be remedied by the introduction of a Magician: and the present taste of the town favouring the attempt; I thought, by the addition of music, to which the subject seems particularly adapted; I might be able to render the whole a Toy, very capable of affording an hour's amusement.

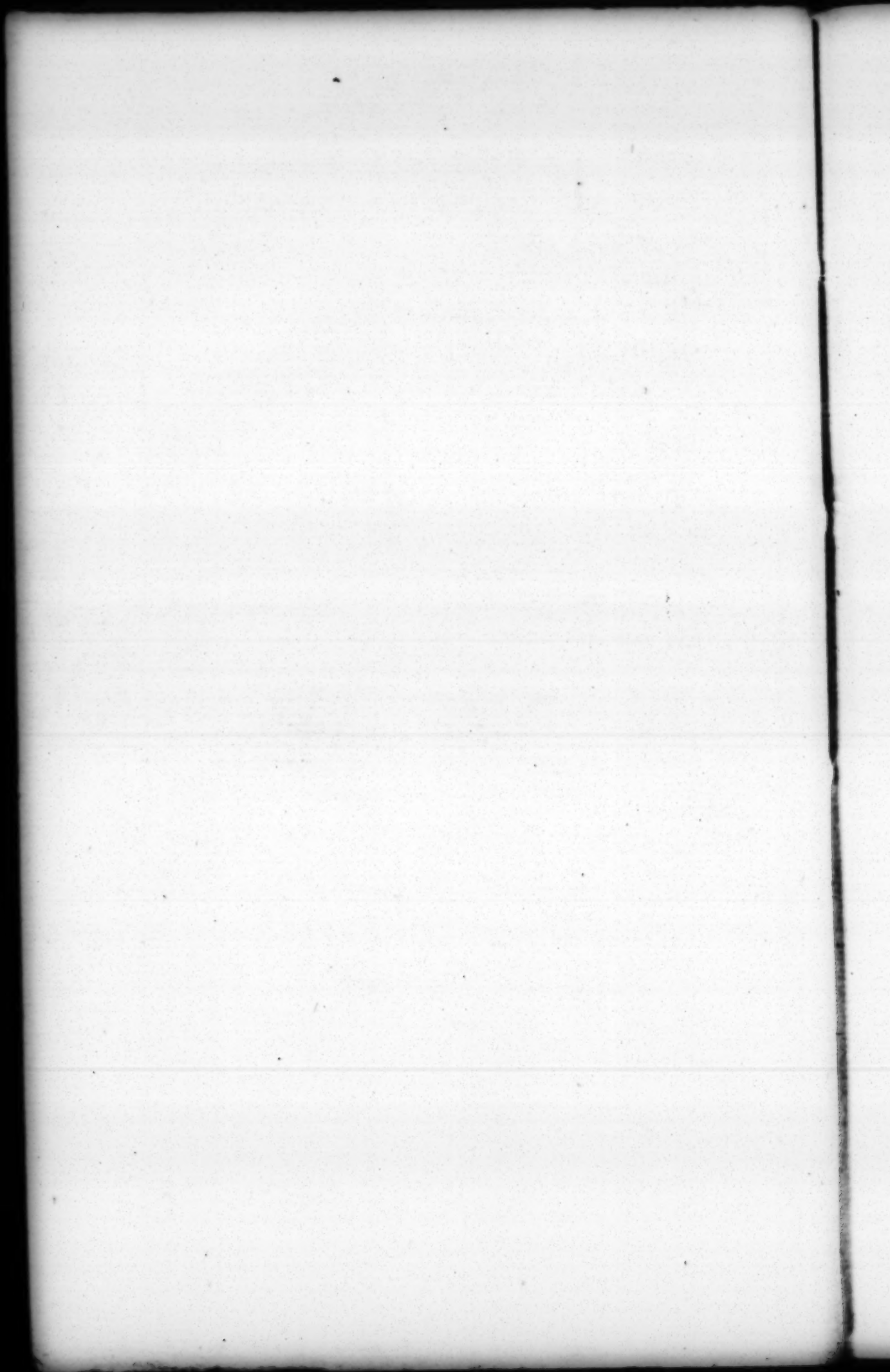
The Oracle has already been twice put into an English dress; first by an anonymous author, and afterwards by Mrs. Cibber. The former is a literal translation; and, for that reason, very indifferent. The latter I should certainly have made use of upon this occasion; but I found, in consequence of my plan, such curtailing and so many alterations necessary, that, in the end, I thought it would be juster to give a more faulty paraphrase of my own.

WITH

WITH regard to the music, I apprehend it must please ; as it has been selected with the greatest attention, both to the beauty of the airs, and its effect upon the theatre. There are, indeed, some people, who may possibly be of opinion, that I ought to have chosen old English, and Scotch ballads ; or got music composed in the same taste. But, in fact, such sort of compositions scarce deserve the name of music at all ; at least they can have little or no merit on the stage ; where every thing ought to be supported by a degree of action and character.

BUT, be the success of this opera what it will, it would be very ungrateful in me not to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Garrick for the great pains he has taken in preparing it for representation : if it succeeds, to him, indeed, it must be chiefly attributed ; who has a genius for every thing ; and thinks nothing, however trifling, below his attention, that may prove an entertainment to the Public.

P R O-



PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

And spoken by Mr. POWELL.

A SKILFUL cook this useful art will boast,
To hash, and mince, as well as boil and roast;
Our cook, to night, has, for your fare, made bold,
To hash a piece of ven'son that was cold;
With fresh ingredients seasons high the stew,
And hopes the guest will heartily fall to.

LEAVING the Piece to answer for itself,
We beg your favour for a little elf;
A young one, and a good one; yet no sinner;
And, tho' a female, has no mischief in her;
Tho' oft with syren songs she charm'd your ears,
She now has other hopes, and other fears:
She hopes, not yet content with what is done,
To find more ways into your hearts than one.
A passion long she hid, till out it broke,
And thus, with blushing diffidence, she spoke:
"What joys, what raptures, in my breast would spring,
"Had I but leave to Act, as well as Sing;
"Tho' young I am, and difficult the trade is,
"In time, I'll do as much as other ladies."

YE giant wits, who run a tilt at all,
Who spare, nor sex, nor age, nor great, nor small,
Should you, fell critics, like the French wild beast,
With gluttony refin'd, on damsels feast,—
Spare our's a while!—Let her some substance get,
Plumpt high with fame—She's scarce a morsel yet.
Or would you, ladies, strike these giants dumb,
You can protect her from their Fee, Fa, Fum!
Tho' humble now, how soon would she be vain,
Should you but cry—"Bravo!—We'll come again."
To raise your smiles, were it her happy lot,
For smiles are honest, when the hands are not;
Should you our little songstresses kindly treat,
With gratitude her little heart would beat;
What raptures for a female, and so young,
To have a double right to use her tongue!

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MINDORA, a Magician,

Miss YOUNG.

AMINTOR, her Son,

Mr. VERNON.

DAPHNE, a young Princess,

Mrs. ARNE.

SCENE, MINDORA'S PALACE.

DAPHNE AND AMINTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rising, discovers a Vestibule of white Marble, with a Gate supposed to belong to some Building near the Garden to MINDORA's Palace. MINDORA enters with her Wand, followed by AMINTOR, seemingly in a Passion.

MINDORA, AMINTOR.

P MINDORA.
R'ythee, son——

AMINTOR.

Nay, pr'ythee, mother.

MINDORA.

Was there ever such another !

AMINTOR.

Cruel !

MINDORA.

Silly ! Hear but reason :
Only wait a proper season.

AMINTOR.

This is, now, the proper season.
What has love to do with reason ?

MINDORA.

Once more, Amintor, I desire you will go about your business. How dare you venture here, when I have so often, and so solemnly forbid you ? And what have you been doing ? The thing on earth which I have told you would prove your destruction : you have seen Daphne.

AMINTOR.

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AMINTOR.

I confess it. Overcome by the heat of the day, she slept upon a bank of flowers.

MINDORA.

And did she see you?

AMINTOR.

Nay, madam, don't I tell you she was asleep? No, she did not see me. Transported at the sight of so charming an object, I seiz'd one of her snowy hands, and kissed it as she lay; but she stirred; and, fearing she might awake, I retired: however, madam, 'tis in vain you command me any longer to keep out of her sight; I cannot obey you; I have a passion for her; I will see her again, and positively tell her so.

MINDORA.

My art is great; I can, in an instant, build palaces; raise tempests; and change a place, the most charming, into a frightful desert; but I see it is beyond my ability to govern a young fool, whose head is turned with love. Well, son, go on; and, by your own imprudence, lose Daphne.

AMINTOR.

But what reason can you have for insisting she should not see me?

MINDORA.

You will know them? Be attentive then. At your birth, I consulted the oracle about your destiny; and this was its answer: "The son of Mindora, the magician, is threatened with great misfortunes; but shall avoid them, and even be happy, if he can make himself beloved by a young princess, who believes him deaf, dumb, and insensible."

AMINTOR.

Deaf, dumb, and insensible!

MINDORA.

MINDORA.

Judge, Amintor, by the tenderness I have for you, how I was shocked at so dreadful a sentence. At length, however, after much reflection, I hoped, by taking certain measures, not only to overcome the dangers with which you were menaced, but even to bring about the accomplishment of the oracle.

AMINTOR.

Dear madam, impossible!

MINDORA.

Hear me. When you were about two years old, there was born a princess, the daughter of a neighbouring king; 'twas your Daphne: I instantly conveyed her away; and, transporting her to this palace, inaccessible to all human beings, she has been here educated, and served only by statues, to which, by my art, I gave motion. In short, I have taken every method to persuade her, that she and I are the only two creatures that speak, think, and reason; and that all others, formed merely for our use, or amusement, are absolutely insensible, and incapable alike of love and hatred, pain and pleasure.

AMINTOR.

And to what purpose, I beseech you, have you filled her mind with all these strange prejudices?

MINDORA.

To make her believe, when I present you to her—

AMINTOR.

Oh! I understand you; that I also am some uninformed being; some puppet; but better organized than the rest. The thought pleases me, and may succeed. Psyche, before she saw Cupid, believed him a monster; yet she loved him: and Daphne, full of the notions

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you have prepossessed her with, will believe me what the oracle requires she should ; and, notwithstanding, love me. Yes, madam, nature will instruct her ; that intellectual intelligence, that sympathetic force of hearts, will work ! and I shall be the happiest of mortals ! Come, dear mother, let us go this instant and find her out : I will be a statue, a piece of insensible marble.

MINDORA.

Hold ; it is not time for you to appear yet. I see Daphne crossing the gallery yonder : leave us ; and, in the conversation we have together, depend upon it, I will endeavour to prepare things so as to bring them to your satisfaction.

AMINTOR.

Must I go ? Well then---But remember, in leaving you, how much I trust to your care : my fate is in your hands ; on you it depends whether I shall be happy or miserable.

Think, oh ! think, within my breast,
While contending passions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of rest ;
And, in pity, ease my pain.

To a lover, thus distressed,
Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears,
Ev'ry moment, till he's blest,
Is a thousand, thousand years.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

MINDORA, DAPHNE.

MINDORA.

Here comes Daphne : she appears thoughtful ; I'll stand aside a little and observe her.

DAPHNE.

Ye zephyrs that fan the calm air,
Ye fountains that stream around,
Oh ! cease my heart to wound.

Your gentle blowing,
Your murmers, flowing,
But waken my care :

Lackaday,
Welladay,
Ah, me !

Must I die in despair.

It was not an illusion ; it was not a dream ; he had his lips pressed upon my hand.

MINDORA.

What do you say, Daphne ?

DAPHNE.

O ! Lord, madam, I did not see you.

MINDORA.

He had his lips pressed upon your hand ! Who had ?

DAPHNE.

I don't know ; he disappeared like lightning ; but I believe he has done something to me, for my part ; he breathed some fire upon my hand, when he kissed it, that went to my heart. I have never been myself since ; so restless, so thoughtful ; I want-----I don't

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know what I want----I have been just admiring two little birds; they were perched upon the same branch; they sung, they look'd at one another; but with such looks!----You and I never look at one another so---- They were silent a few moments, and then began to sing again, or rather to answer one another, with a tenderness, a----Nah, you laugh at me.

MINDORA.

Without doubt. To answer one another, my dear Daphne, they must understand.

DAPHNE.

Well, and I really believe they did.

MINDORA.

Ridiculous! Do you believe that your guittar, and your harpsichord, understand you when they accord so justly with your voice?

DAPHNE.

A pretty comparison! They are machines.

MINDORA.

And have not I told you, an hundred, and an hundred times, that your birds are mere machines; only with springs better regulated, being the work of Nature herself?

DAPHNE.

And you may repeat it to me a thousand, and a thousand times, my dear, but I shall not believe it: a secret sensation I felt at the sight of these two little birds, refutes all you can say.

MINDORA.

I must surprize her with a new stroke of my art.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

MINDORA *waving her Wand, the Scene changes to a Garden, ornamented with Vases and Flower-pots. Four white Marble Statues, representing two Men and two Women, the former with Flutes, the latter with Guitars, who afterwards descend and dance.*

MINDORA, DAPHNE, DANCERS.

Daphne, look at these statues ; examine them ; they are marble, and can you not believe them sensible ; yet, by touching certain springs, I will give them motions as extraordinary as those you admired in your birds ; which made you believe they felt and thought. -----How now, Daphne ; you are sad of a sudden ; does this little entertainment displease you ?

DAPHNE.

It does indeed. Ah ! my poor pretty birds ! Are you then but machines ! I thought you sensible, and that you tasted infinite satisfaction in sitting upon the same bough in the day, and resting together in some hollow tree at night. Nature, said I to myself, has inspired those birds with such tender sentiments to make them happy. She certainly has not been less kind to me---But tell me, my dear Mindora, for you know, who could have come to kiss my hand while I was a sleep ?

MINDORA.

Why, I suspect it was a young man, whose footsteps I have to day traced about the palace. He took you, at first, I suppose, for a being of his own kind ; but finding his mistake when you waked he ran away.

DAPHNE.

A young man !-----Are men machines too ?

MINDORA.

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MINDORA.

Yes ; but more perfect, and better finished, than even your monkey, whose wit you entertain so high an opinion of : they are generally white, and shaped something like us ; I kept some of them here formerly ; but they had so many faults, that I took a dislike to them.

DAPHNE.

Birds sing, statues dance, my harpsichord gives me music---What is it men do ?

MINDORA.

Oh ! there are several sorts of them. Those who are called soldiers, and are generally the handsomest to look at, meet, sometimes, in great plains, twenty or thirty thousand of them together ; and there, with swords and other instruments, cut one another to pieces.

DAPHNE.

Eye ! That's horrid. They are certainly machines ; there can be no sense in all that blood-shed ; and yet I should not be sorry to see a man neither---for I don't think he would kill me.

MINDORA.

No, you have nothing to fear, Daphne. We are women ; the fiercest of them all think it a glory to submit to us.

DAPHNE.

I do long vastly to see a man-----Pray, my dear, try to get me a sight of him that kissed my hand in the garden.

MINDORA.

If you did not scare him too much, he may, perhaps, still be somewhere hereabouts ; I think I'll go look for him before he gets farther off.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

Will you? Oh! my dear, sweet---Pray run then as fast as ever you can, for I am the most impatient mortal alive.

MINDORA.

So it seems, indeed; but I beg you will mitigate your impatience at present, for it is what I by no means approve of.

Such riot and romping, such wildness and fury,
As if folks were just running out of their wits;
No man shall come near us, of that I assure ye,
Unless you restrain these extravagant fits.

Remember, your strict, philosophical breeding;
Fye, fye! I'm agham'd of a girl at your age:
Are these the effects of our study and reading,
That every trifle your mind should engage?

SCENE

S C E N E I V.

DAPHNE.

I observed her smile as she went out ; she certainly makes a jest of me : I don't wonder at it ; my curiosity is so great, that really it appears ridiculous to myself---- A man !----Well ; a man !----I'll go and play a tune upon my harpsichord.

In vain, in search of quiet,
From place to place I range ;
My restless cares augmenting,
No med'cine find in change.

Delights, so lately charming,
Have lost their pow'r to please ;
Yet something, could I find it,
Methinks would give me ease.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

DAPHNE, MINDORA.

DAPHNE.

Oh! are you come back!----Well, is he catch'd!

MINDORA.

Yes, and I had not much difficulty to bring him.

DAPHNE.

Where is he then?

MINDORA.

He followed me.

DAPHNE.

Oh! you have let him run away. [*Running to the bottom of the stage, sees Amintor.*] Ah! my dear, dear, good----But how----Indeed----Yes.

MINDORA.

What do you mean?

DAPHNE.

Why, he's taller than I am!----How he looks at me! [*Drawing back with timidity.*] He won't do me any harm, will he?

MINDORA.

Nay, you must take care of that.

DAPHNE.

Poor thing, poor thing. [*Approaching very softly, and stroking him.*] Lord, he's as tame as a lamb!----I am sure this is not one of your murdering men----I'll keep him for ever and ever----He shall be my own, shan't he?

MINDORA.

Ay, ay, I yield him to you willingly.

DAPHNE.

I must give him some name, what shall we call him?

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MINDORA.

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MINDORA.

What you please?

DAPHNE.

What do you think of Cha---Cha---Charmer?---
Charmer!

MINDORA.

With all my heart. But now we must leave Mr.
Charmer a little, and go and observe a phenomenon
that will appear this evening about sun-set.

DAPHNE.

Oh! my dear creature, I have seen the sun so often---

MINDORA.

But you have never seen this phenomenon, and
we'll reason together.

DAPHNE.

Indeed, ma'am, I shall reason very ill.

MINDORA.

Indeed! Well, well, stay with your charmer; I will
not constrain you.---How totally he engages her!
It's well this is a passion I have a mind to encourage,
for I see already my opposition to it would be of little
consequence.

Vainly bent to conquer Nature,

We our utmost force, essay;

What can foil her? What can cheat her;

What her sacred pow'rs allay?

Nothing prudent, there, nor wise is;

Nothing stable, nothing true;

With superior strength she rises,

Spite of all that art can do.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

During the foregoing Song, DAPHNE leads AMINTOR off the Stage; and, just as MINORA is going out, enters with him again, at the opposite Side, peeping first to see if the Coast be clear.

DAPHNE, AMINTOR.

DAPHNE.

I'm glad she's gone——What fine hair he has! How he holds up his head! He's perfectly well shaped! Well, I now verily think I have got the thing I have been wishing for so long. Yes, yes, I find I am perfectly well satisfied. Come, Charmer. He kneels to me! How pretty that is!

Having sat down on a chair, while Amintor is kneeling to her, she pulls a long ribbon out of her pocket, ties it about his neck, and twists the other end round her arm. After which, she runs to the door, and pulls him after her.

I hear a noise! Sure she is not come back already! No, 'twas only my apprehension; she's busy, considering her moons, and her stars, and her nonsense. I hope she'll stay till I fetch her.

She places a stool, and makes signs for Amintor to sit. Then starts up in a transport, gives him a kiss, and walks away.

Charmer, come, Charmer, sit here. He won't sit down! He kneels again! Ah! you dear, sweet creature, you are a charmer!

AMINTOR.

Was ever mortal flesh and blood in so terrifying a situation! I find I shan't be able to contain myself.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

What can be the matter with me ! I am seized, of a sudden, with the strangest agitation ! I hardly know where I am ! An agreeable disorder, a secret something, till now unknown !----Charmer, give me your hand----Oh La ! what's this ! If here is not something that stirs within-side of him !----I believe its a heart ; it beats for all the world like mine !

Say, oh ! too lovely creature,
 Thou cause of all my smart ;
 What means this palpitation,
 Without a feeling heart ?
 There's conjuration in it :
 It ceases—Then, in a minute,
 Such rapping,
 And tapping,
 As if it ne'er would rest ;
 Mine too, I vow,
 I can't tell how,
 Is like to burst my breast.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

MINDORA, AMINTOR, DAPHNE.

MINDORA.

I find it is time for me to appear: my giddy-pate would soon forget that he is to be deaf, dumb, and insensible.

DAPHNE.

My dear, grant me one favour.

MINDORA.

What favour?

DAPHNE.

Animate Charmer, I beseech you. Contrive that he may think, speak, understand me, and answer me.

MINDORA.

You ask an impossibility.

DAPHNE.

An impossibility, madam!

MINDORA.

Yes, Daphne, an impossibility. Must I again repeat to you, that these beings who amuse you, can, by the disposition of their springs, be made to imitate some of our actions; but that these springs, manage them as we will, can never produce a single thought.

DAPHNE.

I understand you, madam; I understand you; I penetrate very well into your designs.

MINDORA.

My designs!

DAPHNE.

Oh! madam, they are no secrets, I assure you. I see that you are extremely learned, and that you want to make me as great a philosopher as yourself, in order
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to have always some one to reason with: and you are unwilling to animate Charmer, because you think, if we were able to entertain one another, we should have very little pleasure in rendering ourselves qualified for your sublime conversation. But take notice, from this moment, I am ignorant, and resolved to continue so. The seven sciences are my utter detestation; and, lest you should doubt the truth of what I say, I will go instantly and give convincing proofs of my sincerity.

Howe'er you may think still to deceive me,
 And keep me confin'd like a bird in a cage;
 Kind Fortune, perhaps, yet may relieve me,
 And shew you the simpleton quit with the sage,
 Yes, my dear, depend on't,
 One time or other there will be an end on't;
 Some notions have ta'en me,
 That freedom will gain me,
 And matters explain me,
 More suiting my age.

First and foremost, my books I'll demolish;
 Next, all your learn'd apparatus shall go;
 Ev'ry trace of sense to abolish;
 Then judge if I'm serious or no.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

MINDORA, AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

Adieu, globes, spheres, and maps of the world! Is not this anger delightful?

MINDORA.

It is pleasant at least.

AMINTOR.

I love her the better for it. But let me tell you, madam, you arrived at a very critical moment; I was just going to speak.

MINDORA.

And the Oracle——

AMINTOR.

Oh! I could think of nothing but Daphne? Flattered, caressed, encouraged, I, for a long time, kept my eyes fixed upon the ground; I bit my lips; my whole person was a burthen to me. Ah! madam, what terrible things are lips and eyes, when one dares not make use of them with the angel one adores!

MINDORA.

It is necessary, however, to constrain yourself for some time longer. Perhaps the sentiments which Daphne entertains for you are not those of love, but mere caprice and curiosity. It will be prudent, therefore, for seven or eight days——

AMINTOR.

Seven or eight days!

MINDORA.

Yes, child, seven or eight days.

AMINTOR.

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AMINTOR.

Well, but, dear madam, consider my situation a little. Daphne will be pulling me after her every where; she will have me in her apartment, in the garden, in all her walks and retirements about the palace. Do you think I can bear to be tantalized at such a rate; while she plays with me as indifferently as if I was a lap-dog?

MINDORA.

How do you think young girls do; who, for months together, resist their inclinations; and not only hide their passions, but even seem cruel to the man they like?

AMINTOR.

Oh! but I am no girl, nor can I be any longer a statue; and, for that reason, I will this moment follow Daphne, and discover myself to her without reserve.

Pretend no longer to restrain
The passion struggling in my mind;
Like sprightly couriers that disdain
The feeble curbing of the reign,
It starts, and leaves the will behind.

My pangs increase! I'm all on fire!
Then let me to the charmer fly;
Obtain her love, my soul's desire;
Or, at her feet, a martyr die.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

MINDORA, AMINTOR, DAPHNE.

MINDORA.

Son, I intreat you to defer your designs for a few moments. Here's Daphne again: let me make one thorough trial of her heart.

DAPHNE.

Well, madam, 'tis done: I have broke the zodiac and the poles, and thrown the world out of the windows.

MINDORA.

You are very passionate, Daphne.

DAPHNE.

And you very cruel, madam. You say, sometimes, you love me; and yet, when I ask you to do the only thing in nature that can make me happy, you refuse it.

MINDORA.

Why, look you, Daphne, to convince you that I am willing to do every thing in my power, for your amusement, this puppet shall, if you please, go, and come, and laugh, and cry; throw himself at your feet, appear tender, submissive, complaisant, amorous, uneasy: But all mechanically, like your monkey and your parrot.

DAPHNE.

My monkey, my parrot! Always my monkey, my parrot! You only make those comparisons, that the inclination I have for him may appear ridiculous.

MINDORA.

And you, my dear, do nothing but scold. You are really in a very bad humour to-day.

D

DAPHNE

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DAPHNE.

And who can be otherwise? For, after all, do but look at him; is it not a cruel thing that he cannot be made to comprehend how much I love him?

AMINTOR.

The Oracle is fulfilled, [*Amintor struggles to speak, while Mindora prevents him*] and I will speak.

DAPHNE.

How many times a day shall I grieve at his insensibility!

MINDORA.

'Tis very true; and therefore take my advice; turn him away, and think no more of him.

DAPHNE.

You only say that to vex me now, because you know I can't bear the thoughts of it.

MINDORA.

Well then let him stay and divert yourself with teaching him verses, or any thing you have a mind he should repeat.

DAPHNE.

Ay, now, that's good-natured; I'll begin to give him his first lesson this moment. Come, Charmer, let me see if you can pronounce my name. Daphne.

AMINTOR.

Daphne.

DAPHNE.

My dear Daphne.

AMINTOR.

My dear Daphne.

DAPHNE.

Suppose I was to try him with a song.

MINDORA.

Do so if you like it.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

But do you think he will be able to sing?

MINDORA.

After you perhaps he may.

DAPHNE.

Well, that will be vastly charming! Hold, what shall I try him with? I have it. Come, Charmer, observe now and sing after me; and let me see that you do it prettily.

DAPHNE.

For thee, within my bosom,
What torments do I feel!

AMINTOR.

For thee, &c.

DAPHNE.

I bleed with wounds which only
Thy tender cares can heal.

AMINTOR.

I bleed, &c.

DAPHNE.

Each moment while I view thee,
My pains grow more and more:

AMINTOR.

Each moment, &c.

DAPHNE.

My life, my soul, my treasure,
I love, and I adore.

S C E N E X.

MINDORA, AMINTOR, DAPHNE, A SPIRIT.

AMINTOR.

Yes, my life, my soul, my treasure, 'tis true I do love you! I adore you! 'Tis not in terms to express the violence of my passion.

DAPHNE.

Bless me, ma'am, he speaks of himself! This is not in the song.

MINDORA.

You see how he has advanced upon once teaching.

AMINTOR.

Dear mother, do not endeavour to keep her in the dark any longer. The Oracle is now certainly accomplished.

DAPHNE.

What Oracle?

AMINTOR.

A dreadful one, which declared I should be miserable if you did not think me insensible. Can you blame my deceiving you, as I have done, since the interest of my love rendered it necessary?

DAPHNE.

No, no, I don't blame you; but you, naughty——

MINDORA.

Come, my dear children, I no longer resist your happiness: behold a welcome messenger; his appearance is a token to me that the Oracle is now really accomplished. Every thing is already prepared for your nuptials, and we will instantly proceed to the celebration of them.

S C E N E

S C E N E XI.

MINDORA *waving her Wand, the Garden is instantly changed into a beautiful Palace, discovering a Number of Singers and Dancers. A rich Throne is on one Side, where she places DAPHNE and AMINTOR, seating herself on the other: after which, the Whole concludes with a Dance proper to the Subject.*

MINDORA.

Lovers, who wish to be blest'd in your passion,
Learn the moral of what we have shown ;
Though, upon theatres, morals are grown
A little or so out of fashion :
Deafness, and dumbness, and blindness, away !
Mere expression,
Sound advice to convey :
Lovers, lovers, have discretion ;
That's what the Oracle means to say.

CHORUS.

Lovers, lovers, &c.

AMINTOR.

You gentle youths, who the fair are addressing,
When some amiable object you find,
Be to all others insensible, blind ;
Sue only to her for the blessing :
Then, if your ardour with smiles she repay,
Think that beauty
Rigid rules must obey.
Silence, silence, that's your duty ;
And what the Oracle means to say.

CHORUS.

Silence, silence, &c.

DAPHNE.

30 DAPHNE AND AMINTOR.

DAPHNE.

Maidens, with caution your passion concealing,
First your lovers attentively try ;
View not the transport, be deaf to the sigh,
No statute more cold and unfeeling ;
But, in their actions, when worth you survey,
Artless reigning,
Why to bless them delay ?
Give your hands—A truce to feigning ;
That's what the Oracle means to say.

CHORUS.

Give your hands, &c.

END OF THE OPERA.

